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EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

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DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXXII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 26, 1853. WHOLE NO. 1652.

Choice Poetry.

THE SOULS OF THE CHILDREN.

"Who bids for the little children—
Body and soul and brain?
Who bids for the little children—
Young and without a stain?
Will no one bid," said England,
"For their souls so pure and white,
And fit for all good or evil,
The world on their page may write?"

"We bid," said Fear and Famine,
"We bid for life and land,
Fever and pain and famine
For bright young eyes shall dim
When children grow up over us
We'll scorn them as our own,
And hide them in secret places,
Where none may hear their moan."

"I bid," said Beggary, howling,
"I'll buy them, one and all,
I'll teach them a thousand lessons—
To lie, to steal, to curse;
They shall creep in my lair like maggots,
They shall rot in the foul carcase;
And if they survive my purpose
I leave they'll serve them worse."

"And I'll bid higher and higher,"
Said Crime, with wolfish grin,
"For I love to lead the children
Through the pleasant paths of sin.
They shall swell crime in the courts in pairs,
They shall plague the broad highways,
Till they grow too old for pity,
And ripe for the law to slay."

Then said Sin and gaiety,
Are many in the land:
Between their homes
So proudly as they stand
Give me the little children,
I'll take them as they're born,
And I'll bind them in my service
With mockery and scorn.

Give me the little children,
Though in rich, or low estate,
And let the busy world spin round
While we clasp our prize and wait;
And your judges shall have work,
And your lawyers more to do,
And the gaolers and policemen
Shall be richer to the young."

Then said Love, "I claim my children,
Oh, shame, that the devil's
To take the little children,
I'll take them all to me,
I'll raise them up with kindness
From the mire in which they're trod;
I'll teach them words of blessing,
And lead them to their God."

"You're not the true religion,"
Said a fiend with flashing eyes,
"For they'll not learn your lessons—
You're too mild and slow."
"And I'll not take the children,"
Said a third, with shame and grief,
"For they'll learn none of mine,
And England, surely yourself
Are not the child's mother,"
Exclaimed, with voice of pity,
Oh, friends! they're all mine!"
Oh cease your bitter wrangling,
For not all vainly shall
I use the little children
Will plague both you and me."

Not all vainly—
Quoth they, "We bide our time;"
And the fiends around the cradles
Laughed in horrible glee,
And the pious listened with rapture,
And the world showed no sight,
And the fiend abomination
Spread out its pall in white.

Illustrated London News.

Pictures of Life.

THE HAPPY VALLEY.

FROM CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL.

It was in the Christian vacation of the year —, that I started from Colombo on a journey to explore one of the wilder and least known districts of the mountain land of Ceylon—which is the name of that forbidding island, as seen from the sea, which appears to the west coast of the island, and stretches on the Bintenne hills in the interior to the south and south-east. Here, as in all the Pagan districts of Ceylon, I was a stranger, and determined to satisfy myself as to their present condition. I knew there were missionaries and Church Societies established on the fringes of the country—and from them no Englishman need ever be entirely separated.

Having despatched my pony a day's journey in advance, I left Battalaga on the 22nd of December, and by the 24th, after a long day's journey, I was in the centre of the country—a hollow—a basin. It was a dreadful vehicle that bucked and kicked me. A Cooly was on each side of it, to assist me in case of accidents. The roads were generally sole masters of Ceylon; but upon its conquest by Kandoo and his Kalahar followers, they retired to the inmost recesses of the jungle, just as our brave ancestors on a like emergency withdrew among the Welsh mountains. In that wild, inaccessible region, this people of voluntary exile have since dwelt, and, to the utmost habitations, for they seem any such, but in hollow trees and stony caverns, like the birds and beasts of the woods. Their food is chiefly wild roots and herbs, with a little grain, and occasionally the flesh of a deer or jackal, which they kill with their only weapons, the bow and arrow. Misery and disease have thinned their numbers, yet they still count some hundreds of souls, and are, in many instances, with their uncivilized fellows.

I gladly accepted his offer to show me some of the Rock Veddahs, as they are called; and with this view, we journeyed on for a good hour, when the road became more rugged and difficult than before. Here my guide was sent on in another direction, by my native groom, under orders from Daniel, and we passed on our way through a small village, the inhabitants looking country I ever remember to have seen. The damp, cheerless, stillness which met us as we entered the valley, the dense vegetation which covered it, and the huge trees which towered above us, all struck me with a sense of awe, and I could not help feeling that I had been untrodden by human foot; I could fancy Siberia or Norfolk Island to be quite cheerful places after this.

Clambering over rocks and gnarled trunks of trees, we looked at length in a hut of some amphitheatre; my companion gave a long, shrill whistle, which was taken up, as I first thought, by more echoes, but they were human echoes, and sounded nearer and nearer, until the wanderers made their appearance. In a few minutes, to my astonishment, and indeed I may add, to my terror, the trees and rocks and nooks of the valley seemed to swarm with a second a species of wan monkey. They were the Rock Veddahs—almost as naked as their tails. Dwarfy, misshapen, with long arms, gitanly heads, and thick lips,—they, in fact, realized the idea of the fabled satyrs—whom I had always considered as my progenitors, and fro on their thick branches, or peeping and wishing and grinning at me, from behind ugly leaves and stems. They looked so ugly, and so wicked, that I could not help feeling a little nervous. But as strength and numbers were on my side, I soon recovered my confidence, and addressed them, in a language that might have been Ubaheiran, or Chinese, or monkey dialect; but he did not succeed in persuading any of them to descend from their roosteries: and we all laughed out our mutual fears. The Veddahs were scattered among the trees and stones and crevices, like an army of magnified rats, making the wild solitude echo again with the croaking of bamboos and their own croaking gibberish.

Leaving these savages to the enjoyment of their own society we began to descend the hill-side, and made our way out of the wildest part of that limit. After tracking our way slowly through some miles of rough ground, more or less covered by jungle or bushes, we found ourselves upon a narrow path, with the country opening upon pastoral ground, somewhat uneven and broken up, but still green and cheerful. Before us rose, at some distance, the high mountain forests of Bintenne, while far away towards the south-west appeared a range of broken plain, low jungle, and lofty rock.

The view was new to me. The sun was shining over the distant forest-clad ranges, and the scenery began to take that softened hue of light and shade peculiar to the tropics, when, as we turned suddenly round the shoulder of a hill, we found ourselves in a little valley, which, for the moment, riveted me to the spot. "This place," said Daniel, who always met with the happiest word, "is called the Happy Valley. Here may be seen the sum total of human felicity." He then, with considerable, single-hearted couple have raised up this garden in the desert."

It was, indeed, a garden; and, contrasted with all the uncouth desolation we had just passed through, it appeared to me a vision of beauty. Surely, I thought, some legion of busy angels must have scooped out this valley from the rock, and covered it with soil for the use of man. From the summits of the surrounding hills, down to the rippling silvery streams which watered the bottom of the valley, all was green and cheerful. In the midst, at some distance, the high mountain forests of Bintenne, while far away towards the south-west appeared a range of broken plain, low jungle, and lofty rock.

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Foreign Letter.

A WINTER'S STUDY IN GERMANY.

Correspondence of the Cincinnati Commercial.

Though I have now been in Germany four months, though, on world think, to have seen much, there is still much for people. I have been in Berlin, I am recently better acquainted with German to-day life, than when I left Philadelphia. I have made a home in a German family, and have learned the Golden Rule, while I, on my part, have taught them to say "Thank you for Is-sed" among the students, the title of the "Native China." Personal observation does not enable me to say whether the acquirements of scholars are not, but rather of my friends who have spent years in the universities, and the endowments and reserves of the inhabitants ally them closely to the "Colestials." It cannot be denied that such high culture is lodged in people with most forms than we are accustomed to in America. Impoverished now, and with different forms, which, from their novelty, seem a little absurd. Notwithstanding what seems to us a want of freedom of social intercourse, Gottingen is far from being a dull or unpleasant city. Beyond Paris and Berlin, it is the best-educated society of any size in Europe—undoubtedly Gottingen." But he was suffering with illness, and was passing the the glorious of Dr. Spiller. Spite of the pretty residence, it is a cheerful spot, even in winter, and is entirely it must be delighted. It is one of the dullest of town, that looks as if it might have been organized into its present shape, a century ago. Its streets are regular, and its houses of one simple roofs, their fat, former windows, and their wooden balconies painted a dull green. The building more and nothing less than beautiful. The little river Leine runs through the town, and serves to drive the wheels of a couple of mills. European as everything seems when you are in the city itself, on my first approach, I was forcibly reminded of towns in our Western prairies. The thin, three-stained, storm-beaten streets, that rise above, at its edge—just the illusion, but the herds of cattle that I found pressing through the city, and the very large number of two or three hundred, just as you may see them on the prairies of Illinois, is the neighborhood of a considerable city. There is a strip of land surrounding the city, known as the city, which is reserved for the use of its inhabitants, and upon which their cattle graze. In winter they are stabled in town, and Gottingen has the slightest feature of suburbs attached to perhaps one-third of the houses. As most of the dwellings have but a single story, and there is not an uncommon sight to see a cow walking out of the front door.

The main-place, on market days, presents a sight that no American will forget, who has ever seen it. Every day is market day in Gottingen. I pass through it, and three times in the week have a little difficulty in making my way through the crowds of buyers and sellers. But the other than market days, the attraction which attracted me first to the square, is a pump, which fountain, that sends a thread of water into the air, and makes me think of a Philadelphia shop with its long-necked swans on a lake, fussy fishermen with a hand-hose. Thrice a week the peasants from the surrounding villages assemble here in force, the weather set, as it is the fashion to call women in America, exhibiting a decided preponderance, in point of number and importance. Coarse, bronzed, red-cheeked women, have come bearing but the single side of life, dressed in garments of homemade stuff, smiling "Bismarcs" in beauty, but without the pomposities. Their heads are the colors of the rainbow, and their feet are clad in shoes against which the most democratic opponent of Wipp-nadze would utter no word of complaint. As a badge of her station, the "Bauerinn" of Gottingen has a huge bonnet, built, in shape, like a cocked-hat, and worn at her back. This contains her market-basket, and when she is tired of wearing it, she unstrings her hood, and wears it on her shoulders. Sometimes, in addition to the ordinary contents, you may see a generous remnant of her dinner. When the basket affords no room for the baby, it is attached in some way, to the mother's person, preferable, to the mother's head, on the shoulders.

In the market-place and the streets adjoining, hundreds of these peasant women are seated, or moving, standing or sitting with their baskets before them, heedless of rain and snow and cold, waiting patiently a chance to sell the products of their farms. Ten will see a squabbling of accents soon, wearing long blue blouses and drab leggings, which is band and gaze in motion. The master of the dress is the same, apparently without any business. I have often loitered my brain to hear what particular duties they perform. They certainly have nothing to do with those huge baskets. It would be quite "out of place" to shoulder one of them.

As you walk out of town you frequently meet the country people coming in, the women of ways carries the load. Her lazy lord has enough to do to smoke his pipe and carry his cane. If there be a little darker complexion, and wear a blanket instead of a blouse, one might easily fancy that they were Indians.

Here and there along the street you see diminutive wagons, resembling as American hay-wagon, filled huge of grain. One of the most general sanctity stand two, three, or more, inch pounding building dealers. Some of these blessed lords of creation come in no taxicare of their donkeys and their women. I am told that market-women in Germany, which I have described, are not universal in Germany. In all, I suppose, the women do the hard work, and bear the brunt of the battle, but the burdensome basket hung upon the shoulder is not very general.

Murray, whose red-covered guide-books have given him a home over all Europe, says that Gottingen, notwithstanding its students, is a dull town. If quiet is the principal ingredient of dullness, I am quite confident that Mr. Murray must have been here during the vacation. can testify to the strength of Germans help, and the willingness of students to display their full power. The town of the University requires the students to make no noise in the streets. I think the regulation must be obsolete by now-use. Rest assured should be in bed at nine o'clock. The boulders of the University allow two hours' grace, good-natured people. The Police will tolerate the streets give out to sound but the noise of passing bed. After this hour the drinking parties begin to break up, and till two or three in the morning, particularly on Saturday and Sunday, the din of the quiet streets is deafening, and the slumbers of the tired citizens are disturbed by the shouts and laughter of the students. The students rule here. Living on the most frequented street in town, I get at least my share of the uproarious of students. New Year's Eve was the most night that it has been my lot to witness. Just fancy a large majority of high hilarious students, inspired by copious draughts of whiskey punch, and you have a picture of fun to make as much noise as possible by a large number of the younger citizens, acting under the same spirit. Add to this a band of bellicose and a well-selected menagerie, let loose, might buy by dint of practice to make peace with it. How long the uproar lasted I cannot say; at three o'clock it was in full blast.

Gottingen is blest with a population such as few cities, whether great or small, can boast. All around the town, at a distance of two miles or a half, is an earthen wall, the remnant of former fortifications, nearly forty feet in width and twenty in height. Covered with a thick growth of grass, after the heaviest rains it must be a dry walk, and in summer and fall it is a cool one. Throughout its whole extent, it is shaded by a double row of large and thrifty linden, whose branches meet, forming a canopy many yards to the sun's mid-day beams. Here, on the days promising, may be seen all classes of the inhabitants. You will detect the professor by his thoughtful, learned look; the student, especially the younger ones, by their general appearance, their yellow gloves, their little canes with which they think the air as if they were fencing with some invisible foe; the burgher not be known at once by his not looking like either of the others. There, too, are the "Philister," a fond of exercise, having in general stated hours for their promenades. At these times the students must do congregate there, of course, they never mix their interests on this account. I think the best lecturer must be familiar with some reference to this matter. Not most I forgot the children, their little noses bright, bare-legged, flaxen-haired, chubby-cheeked boys and girls, jabbering away in German. I wish they would give us a little English. To be away from home two or three years, and hear not a word of English from the lips of children—what a fate is that. But then they laugh (and cry too) in English, as in a universal language and so good.

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C. G.

A HEROINE AT THE DIGGINGS

The Dublin Commercial Journal publishes a letter of such a romantic character, lately received, by a lady of Dublin from a young friend, who had emigrated to Australia, that we are at the Australian diggings. It appears from her narrative that she and her husband were hopelessly left orphans with nothing for their subsistence, and all the families and relations they had in the world were too poor and too distant to include. "He had passed through college with credit, and could write poetry and ride up to the hounds as well as any gentleman that ever hunted the Golden Vale, while I, on my part, had been taught all the graces that befit—and among the students, the title of the "Native China." Personal observation does not enable me to say whether the acquirements of scholars are not, but rather of my friends who have spent years in the universities, and the endowments and reserves of the inhabitants ally them closely to the "Celestials." It cannot be denied that such high culture is lodged in people with most forms than we are accustomed to in America. Impoverished now, and with different forms, which, from their novelty, seem a little absurd. Notwithstanding what seems to us a want of freedom of social intercourse, Gottingen is far from being a dull or unpleasant city. Beyond Paris and Berlin, it is the best-educated society of any size in Europe—undoubtedly Gottingen." But he was suffering with illness, and was passing the the glorious of Dr. Spiller. Spite of the pretty residence, it is a cheerful spot, even in winter, and is entirely it must be delighted. It is one of the dullest of town, that looks as if it might have been organized into its present shape, a century ago. Its streets are regular, and its houses of one simple roofs, their fat, former windows, and their wooden balconies painted a dull green. The building more and nothing less than beautiful. The little river Leine runs through the town, and serves to drive the wheels of a couple of mills. European as everything seems when you are in the city itself, on my first approach, I was forcibly reminded of towns in our Western prairies. The thin, three-stained, storm-beaten streets, that rise above, at its edge—just the illusion, but the herds of cattle that I found pressing through the city, and the very large number of two or three hundred, just as you may see them on the prairies of Illinois, is the neighborhood of a considerable city. There is a strip of land surrounding the city, known as the city, which is reserved for the use of its inhabitants, and upon which their cattle graze. In winter they are stabled in town, and Gottingen has the slightest feature of suburbs attached to perhaps one-third of the houses. As most of the dwellings have but a single story, and there is not an uncommon sight to see a cow walking out of the front door.

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SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, MARCH 30, 1850.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE ORIGINAL, EXCEPTING THE CLIPPINGS, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A RIVAL PAPER.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the POST are $2, if paid in advance—$2 50 if not paid before the end of the year. No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the publisher.

Any person having four names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to run from the time they send in the names, and close of the main list &c. We will willingly supply the back numbers if we have them on hand. Any person who has subscribers in each Club, and at one and the same time, and three present combined.

The Money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured, if possible, as the risk will then be deducted from the amount.

Post Masters or others sending for Clubs, will please confirm by having them sent to one address, when they can do so conveniently.

All persons writing to us on business should be careful to give the name of the State, as well as of the town, in which they live. *All letters must be post-paid.*

Subscribers wishing their papers changed, will please name the office to which the Post Office be changed from, as well as the Post Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

We request our old friends the Post Masters, will exert themselves and get up large Clubs for the Saturday Evening Post. We shall be glad to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, that they will find it to their interest to become active influential and responsible person who will be willing to do so.

OUR NOVELETS.

We have thought it best to allow another week to elapse before beginning Mrs. Lee Hentz's novelet or

MISS THUSA'S SPINNING WHEEL.

We design commencing it, without fail, in our next issue. It will be a fine thing, somewhat about the length of Clara Moreland—and no doubt worthy of the author's high reputation.

We repeat—for the benefit of strangers who may chance to see the present number of the Post—that, at the conclusion of Mrs. Ellet Hentz's novelet, we expect to publish a story called

A STRAY PATCH FROM AUNT HANNAH'S QUILT.

by Mrs. Frances D. Gage, well known to Western readers as the author of certain interesting household sketches, poems, &c. And which that is another novelet from Mrs. Southworth, to be called

THE LOST HEIRESS; A STORY OF HOWLET HALL.

In addition to the above attractions, we are encouraged by Grace Greenwood to announce a series of

LETTERS FROM EUROPE;

to be published in the course of the Spring and Summer months—including "letters from Paris, Florence, Switzerland, France and England."

Of course, the usual Miscellany of the paper, consisting of original articles, and selections from the English magazines, general and political news, &c., shall not be neglected.

THE SCHOOL QUESTION.

We observe that several efforts have been made in various parts of the country, to secure the passage of Catholics. In other the present system of Public Schools, so as to allow a division of the funds, and thus enable Catholic schools to be established.

While we are in favor of endeavoring to remove from the Public Schools, everything that can with justice be objected to by the Roman Catholics, or any other sect, and to make them, as they should be, schools for all, which probably have been granted to the Indians in our territory, they have not actually received more than $15,000,000; the rest having been basely and infamously cheated out of, and the lighted and robbers in the land have not scrupled to be considerate in this vast scheme of plunder."

Gen. Houston further gave it as his conviction, that no war ever had broken out between the United States and Mexico where the whites were not the first aggressors.

WOMAN OF WISDOM.—The following extract

from the first Inaugural of President Lincoln, is a worthy of publication at this time, when many politicians seem disposed to depart from the original principles of government, and to open the assurance derived from those principles, that the foundations of our national policy would be laid in the pure and incontestible principles of *personal liberty* and *personal security*, and to that end to *prevent* monarchy—he gave utterance to the following sentiments:

"That is no truth more thoroughly established than that there exists in the economy and constitution of things an adaptation of *some sorts and happiness between duty and interest*. That assurance should be forthcoming when the *duty and engagement policy and the right* are found to lead in the same direction, is precisely what happens in the present case. This provision—so framed as to give new hope to the friends of peace, while it applies a check against the mischievous effects of misplaced confidence—is now presented in the hope that the *people* will rally around it."

SOCIAL REFORM.—A Rev. Mr. Cumming,

lecturing upon Social Reform, and resisting Protestantism, recently said:

The institutions of the country are good; they must be preserved. Difficulties are ahead; but they will be overcome. Education is the first thing from which the country must drink in this inspiration. Let the Bible be taught in the Public Schools. Catholic children are taught their religion; and they may decide for themselves when they come of age. The duty of parents here is settled before them.

But, whether this latter view be correct or not, it is certain that we never can establish such a system of public schools in which children are taught the religious principles of the sects which their parents would not entirely approve, or a system of sectarian schools, tending to bigotry and intolerance. We want take the Bible out of its schools, as tolerant and impartial as they can be made; our contention only is, that neutral and partial as men can make them. And have those of our Roman Catholic friends who are willing to be satisfied with considering what the result of their endeavors might be, if successful? The Bible would be taken out of the Public Schools, would give a sectarian tinge to the Protestant ones. While the Catholic children would be taught in the Catholic schools, the Protestant children also might grow up accustomed to different views and habits from those which are now the bulwarks of religious freedom in America. And if toleration ever be cast aside, and the spirit of action which is now in the ascendant, not the strongest, that goes to the wall? Is this not a view worthy of some consideration?

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TERMS, &c.

The terms of the POST are $2, if paid in advance—$2 50 if not paid before the end of the year. No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the publisher.

Any person having four names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to run from the time they send in the names, and close of the main list &c. We will willingly supply the back numbers if we have them on hand. Any person who has subscribers in each Club, and at one and the same time, and three present combined.

The Money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured, if possible, as the risk will then be deducted from the amount.

Post Masters or others sending for Clubs, will please confirm by having them sent to one address, when they can do so conveniently.

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THE SCHOOL QUESTION.

We observe that several efforts have been made in various parts of the country, to secure the passage of Catholics. In other the present system of Public Schools, so as to allow a division of the funds, and thus enable Catholic schools to be established.

While we are in favor of endeavoring to remove from the Public Schools, everything that can with justice be objected to by the Roman Catholics, or any other sect, and to make them, as they should be, schools for all, which probably have been granted to the Indians in our territory, they have not actually received more than $15,000,000; the rest having been basely and infamously cheated out of, and the lighted and robbers in the land have not scrupled to be considerate in this vast scheme of plunder."

Gen. Houston further gave it as his conviction, that no war ever had broken out between the United States and Mexico where the whites were not the first aggressors.

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from the first Inaugural of President Lincoln, is a worthy of publication at this time, when many politicians seem disposed to depart from the original principles of government, and to open the assurance derived from those principles, that the foundations of our national policy would be laid in the pure and incontestible principles of *personal liberty* and *personal security*, and to that end to *prevent* monarchy—he gave utterance to the following sentiments:

"That is no truth more thoroughly established than that there exists in the economy and constitution of things an adaptation of *some sorts and happiness between duty and interest*. That assurance should be forthcoming when the *duty and engagement policy and the right* are found to lead in the same direction, is precisely what happens in the present case. This provision—so framed as to give new hope to the friends of peace, while it applies a check against the mischievous effects of misplaced confidence—is now presented in the hope that the *people* will rally around it."

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lecturing upon Social Reform, and resisting Protestantism, recently said:

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Judging from the condition of the social structure in Italy, and in Catholic countries generally, and the tendency of Catholic Church here had its own way for centuries, we fear that if we depend upon it to attend to the moral and social well-being of the people, we shall be in the condition of those who have left the life-giving fountain, and have hewed out for themselves cisterns that can hold no water." By the way, how do our Catholic friends manage in Ireland, where, by the Protestants, based upon the ignorance, poverty and superstition which prevail in Catholic so and partial as men can make them. And have those of our Roman Catholic friends who are willing to be satisfied with considering what the result of their endeavors might be, if successful? The Bible would be taken out of the Public Schools, would give a sectarian tinge to the Protestant ones. While the Catholic children would be taught in the Catholic schools, the Protestant children also might grow up accustomed to different views and habits from those which are now the bulwarks of religious freedom in America. And if toleration ever be cast aside, and the spirit of action which is now in the ascendant, not the strongest, that goes to the wall? Is this not a view worthy of some consideration?

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SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, MARCH 20, 1852.

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STEAM COTTON, BOOK AND JOB PRINTING OFFICE,

No. 66 South Third Street, Phila.,

where Books, Pamphlets, Hand Bills, Way Bills, Circulars, Bill Heads, Labels, Cards, &c., are printed with despatch, in the neatest manner, and on the most reasonable terms.

DEADY & PETERSON, Proprietors.

General News.

EUROPEAN NEWS.—The news is rather more important than usual.

LOUIS NAPOLEON.—Palmerston stated in Parliament that no application had yet been made for the expulsion of Louis Napoleon from England, and that had such been made it would have met with a refusal from the Government.

LOUIS NAPOLEON.—Much attention is excited in Portugal on account of the refusal of the Government to allow Louis Napoleon to land, and the Government had thought it necessary to have a military force in readiness to suppress any opposition to the views of England as to sustaining the Government. The Portuguese Government is said to be in great difficulties at present existing would not be able to suppress opposition.

MANCHESTER GOOD, employing 5,000 looms, has declared a dividend of 10 per cent. Bolton Mule, in consequence of unremunerative prices.

MARTIN DE MOUSTIER, in taking the responsibility of the London Committee's manifesto, and signing it as President, says that the revolutions in Italy was written by Kossuth, at his request, during the Austrian occupation of Pesth, and never afterwards retracted. Kossuth has also addressed a letter to Mazzini, in which he says that his proclamation was garbled, and that he had no connection with the pretended Memorial of the Father of his Country.

THE Duchess of Sutherland has placed Stafford House at the disposal of Mrs. Beecher Stowe, to give her receptions to her English admirers, the Earl of Shaftesbury, Lord Carlisle, and also the bill authorizing the Philadelphia and Columbia Railroad Company to build a bridge over the Susquehanna River at or near Harrisburg.

WASHINGTON IRVING has been occupying himself for a part of this time in the Department of the Navy, in Washington, with researches in the archives relative to the personal Memoirs of the Father of his Country.

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THE Government has refused to charter the London, Liverpool and American Steamship Company.

DATES from the Cape of Good Hope to the 24th of January contain the intelligence of a treaty of amity between the British troops and the Caffres, 800 of whom with their chief, arrived at Graham's Town.

A Mail had arrived from Melbourne, Australia, with $1,000,000. Melbourne dates are to the middle of December. The increase in the receipts of gold had fallen off. Previous rates declining.

FRANCE.—The Pope was daily expected to arrive at Paris to perform the ceremony of crowning Napoleon III.

THE Emperor says that the imperial manufactories of France shall be woorthily represented at the New York Exhibition.

AN unsuccessful attempt was made to fire the Arsenal at Vincennes.

AUSTRIA.—The man who attempted to kill the Emperor of Austria with a knife, and for which the Emperor has not yet recovered from his wounds, which proves more serious than was expected.

A mob at Vienna is reported to have broken the windows of the British Ambassador.

The citizens of Vienna are in a state of nervousness with Englishmen in consequence of England having offered Mazzini an asylum.

THERE is an unusual commotion in Hungary, and many arrests have been made. Many of the arrests have been made at Milan. All the church bells in Milan were taken down to be cast into cannon.

POLAND.—The Austrian *Lloyd* says that in consequence of the unsatisfactory state of affairs, Russia is taking great precautions to prevent an outbreak in Poland.

TURKEY.—The *Constitutionnel* states that the Sultan sent his Envoy to the Continental courts a demand 2,000,000 rupiahs due Russia for her indemnity, in which he declined upon a written assurance of the Holy Sepulchre affair.

The Sultan refused to receive it.

It is reported that the Porte makes demands of Austria, and that it is said that the Porte throws herself on the protection of France and England.

It is generally believed that Austria had menaced the Porte.

It is understood that a Diplomatic Congress will assemble at Paris on May 1st, to adjust the difficulties between Austria and Turkey.

THE MARKETS.—Cotton unchanged. Sales—The Cotton market has been dull. During the last week, however, the demand has been better, and prices have nearly regained their last week's point. Sales of the week 45,000 bales, from 7.15 to 7 lower. Other qualities are unchanged.

Pork rather dull. Mess pork quotes prime at 20s. 6d. Lard dull at 42s. Bacon declines 1s. 6d. to 2 lower. Other qualities are unchanged.

Beef has not a with a demand for export, but at a further abatement of 1s6d. Tallow is rather dull and declines. Rosin and there is nothing doing, while on the spot prices are unchanged. Spirits turpentine, 34s. 6d., and yellow 3ds.

Flour and Breadstuffs have taken place in advance. The sales for the last month were large.

Lard is depressed. Cheese has advanced. Sugar is dull and declining. Coffee is dull and nominal at former prices. The last Manchester advices report a dull market, with a depressed speculative demand, and prices are firmer.

THE GARDNER CASE.—In the case, now on trial, Mr. Webster has occupied the Court two days.

It was, he said, the boldest, largest, and most successful scheme of fraud ever perpetrated upon the community. The ingenuity and respectability of the United States, in the eyes of the world, stands in the issue. He gave a succinct history of the case, and then stated that the prosecution expected to prove, that Gardner, in his memorial to the Board of Commissioners, stated that nearly in the year 1834, he was largely engaged in mining operations, that he owned the Union and Mexico mines, employed 500 laborers, and had upwards of 1,000 mules; that the buildings, steam engines, boilers, and men of science. That in fact he was engaged in mining operations to a large extent, and that he had expended $100,000 upon his property, having been despatched to Mexico by a company of which he was the head, with a million dollars, and would have expended that amount more.

The witness would prove by his memorial, and by various papers in his possession, that Gardner's statements were false, and that he was a swindler. The issue was in the truth or falsehood of the memorial. The witness would be expected to prove that every statement in it was false, from beginning to end, and that Gardner was vaguely located, that it could not be found by the Commissioners, that the only proof adduced was that Gardner, in his memorial to the Board of Commissioners, stated that he owned the Union and Mexico mines, and that they could not be found in Mexico; that every one of the statements contained in the memorial of the title was manufactured here; that Dr. Gardner was a practical chemist, and never could have worked such a mine as he described; that he was practising dentistry and peddling coal across on the Pacific coast, hundreds or thousands of miles from the mines; that the certificate, the seals and signatures of public officers in Mexico were all fraud.

THE AMERICAN ARMADA EXPLORING EXPEDITION.—The Panama Star and Herald contains the following:

We learn from Captain Thomas, says the Panama Star and Herald, who arrived at the Isthmus on the day before the steamer sailed as cargo, arrived on the Isthmus on the commencement of the American exploring expedition on the Amazon; that the expedition had proceeded up the river as far as nearly a direct line, some three hundred miles distant, but that the circumstances which determined it to return to the United States, with some shipping that any other nation in the world, has the smallest difficulty to pushed their success.

If the country had remained from 1815 to the present day in the same condition as Great Britain, what proportion would the aggregate of our exports bear to the imports? Not one quarter of our foreign commerce during the same period.

IN THE TRADE.—On Monday last, between Messrs. Rhoads and Hallowell, one hundred bales of cotton were sold at 8c., and another lot at 8c., per cwt., and another lot at 8c., per cwt., and another lot at 8c., per cwt

Selected Poetry.

MY PRAIRIE FLOWER.

BY MRS E. C. JUDSON.

I saw her in sweet sunshine,
With bloom on her cheek;
And underneath her dripping lids
The light still and meek;
And then I chose her from the world,
To be my bosom friend,
For oh, she was the fairest flower
That ever I had seen!

So long, in pain, was helplessness,
Upon my bosom she lay,
And slowly, meekly, like a bird sank—
Wept, breathing day by day:
For cherished comfort was the care first
I made my heart her throne—
She was to me the flower of wife
That I had ever known!
The fairest flower, the sweet flower
My aching heart had known!

I was a wanderer in the West,
Commissioned from on high
To sound o'er prairie, wood and wold
The Gospel's joyful cry:
And so I bore her by my side
Through years of gathering light,
And deemed her still the fairest flower
That ever saw the light!
The dearest flower, the sweetest flower
Her coffined from the light!

Now o'er the prairie's waving green
I take my lonely way!
And where, unwilds, we pastured to rest,
I yearn to weep and pray!
For there's a mote to pray for me,
There tenderness the cried
I've slain away the fairest flower
That ever blossomed there!
The dearest flower, the sweetest flower
To grow and come to God!

I weep and pray, yet sorrow not,
As one of hope bereft;
For, though a mote's little dust for me,
The arm of faith is left!
And by its glimmering light I see,
All fragrant still with love,
My fair, my faded earthly flower,
Transplanted to grow above!

N. Y. Recorde.

Selected Articles.

THE PROGRESS OF NATIONS.

FROM CHAMBER'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL.

Many men of reflection have felt at a loss to decide for themselves, whether this be a world of progress or only of oscillation. We believe we shall be nearest the truth, if we contemplate it as mainly a world of oscillation, with at the same time a tendency to progress, always an extra, but always effective—which, in the end, is seen to tell in the longrun.

The instances are certainly tremendous. What a swing of the pendulum, for example, have we lately witnessed in France! Over men of France the hard-go of the public mind during the last four or five years has been astounding. The men have heard best for their every thought well, in such circumstances, feel a shade of despair settling over their minds. These things are, perhaps, only oscillations. But we have seen merely a sudden explosion of the reforming principle—a horrible instability in science which have made the great body of nations profoundly glad to swing over to the opposite principle? The few energetic thinkers who do not seem to have responsible government instead of experiment with opportunism—have attempted to set up systems for which themselves and the rest of their communities were unprepared. Many errors and some crimes have consequently committed; and the impracticability of their systems is being portentously made known as a parent. To rush back and crouch under the last of despotism, as one of our statesmen says in a recent speech, was the natural consequence. But no rational person can believe that things are to rest there. The experiences of despotism are as well calculated to produce reaction as revolutionary violence. Either the despotism will see that it must lose its pretensions voluntarily, and prepare for the extension of liberal institutions, or the people will never rewards that object whether despotism chooses or not. Thus, after two violent oscillations of the ought of the pendulum, the time will come for a small shift forward of the axis. It will probably take some years to work out this progression, as it did on a smaller occasion in England in the seventeenth century. It will be remembered that we had first, between 1639 and 1649, one centuries swing of public feeling towards a check of the monarchical principle. The expatriance of the late years of Cromwell was sufficient to produce an almost universal disgust with the whole matter; a fact which the experience of twenty Thomas Carlyles will not extenuate. Then came the swing back to the other side of monarchy. But twenty-eight years of that kind of rule brought the public mind to the intermediate position necessary—and, indeed, to have been all along aimed at, as what the public intelligence would have come to be at last. At the end of this something the Parliament-made monarch of William III. and his successors was the result. It may take a century, or perhaps even more, to work out a great political process of this kind; but the destiny of the world and the destiny of the individual are both to be accomplished in time, or whereby, the solemn tragedy will end, we cannot say:

"But helpless, blind, and mad, we ready
Reeling to the gulf of fate;
To our hour the goose the grave,
To our night the undawning day!"

This little narrative of personal affliction will commend itself to the sympathies of our readers. Even those who have not had to bear a large share of those who will meet this recital will offer a prayer that he may be sustained by the grace of the Lord Jesus. He ought to, and will explain the mystery, and there is strong consolation in the thought that the Lord shall wipe all tears from our eyes" in a brighter and better world.—*Message paper.*

FIRST VOYAGE AROUND THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.—The Father of History tells us that modern critics have vindicated from the once current imputation of being also the fable out a good many discoveries that were said to be a result of the story which he heard in Egypt, some twenty centuries ago, respecting the circumnavigation of Africa—Libya, as it was then called—was effected. The account he had of it was that it was done in the reign of that Pharaoh Necho who ruled in Egypt about 600 years before the Christian era. Necho, and whose dealings with the Jews are recorded in the Scriptures. Necho, king of Egypt, who had the Hebrews for his neighbors, launched some Phœnicians in vessels, with instructions to sail from the Red Sea, through the Pillars of Hercules (Straits of Gibraltar), into the Northern (Mediterranean) Sea, and so to return to Egypt. The Phœnicians did sail from the Red Sea, and navigated the Southern Ocean. When the autumn came, they made their practice to land on whatever part of the coast they happened to be near, to sow the ground, and wait for the harvest; after reaping which they would again put to sea; and thus, after the space of two years had elapsed, they came through the Pillars of Hercules, and arrived at Egypt.[1]

In the next succinct narrative, the cautious historian adds a remarkable statement. "They (he says) declared (what I find no credit to believe myself, but others may perhaps) that in sailing round Libya, they had the sun on the right hand." Of course difficult, if not impossible, for a high-spirited man who sees a portion of the truth to be incredible, to believe those of whom he has no sympathies. Some of writers understood. Small, may be sure, if we are a realizer on the beginner, only half a dozen of the rubber, and half means the subject I said on both. All very plausible analogy; yet it does not hold. The advocate can be ignorant of the most glaring grievance imposed a certain point, which circumstances beyond his ken have rendered absolutely certain to raise objections to his being done at all. The most earnest help consisting this impudence, for it is not in their nature to stop and look at consequences; but neither will the redeemed because of evasion be stayed by the fact of their honorable intentions. One could almost say, that the first canon of an eminent liberal party was to produce a certain retardation which the Author of the universal demand necessary to be imposed on the progress of human affairs.

The result of all this is, that the great body of most communities is not capable of viewing political and social questions in the light of just and natural theory, and indeed thinks very little of such things at all. Those who speculate in such questions on any side are a handful, compared with the multitude who obstinately keep their attention fixed on their own affairs—who, as that they only can plough and reap, and see their banks sunk and their cows bred, care not who or what it is which constitutes that mysterious metaphysical something called Government. While this dead-weight, as it may be called, is of no party, it constitutes a kind of artificial tribunal to which party-men address themselves, and before which their acts are judged. What they go on precipitately in my direction, it swings in the other side; not because it sees merit in justice, but because it must preserve the equipoise. Party-men vainly seek to open its eyes all at once to its claims, and to its power, by appealing to their thing about which no philosophical intellect could be a moment misinformed, full of folly was taken in my sleep beyond a certain very moderate amount in a certain space of time; and my visitant, stirred up by the party-men, apparently would only make it start and beat them up in blindness for years to come. To do it justice, it does blink out at tyranny, as well as ignore liberalism; the one extreme being exactly as offensive to its claims, and as much a thing to be overcome by simplifications, by which it can be, on certain occasions, enabled to a degree of "work." It has traditionary prepossessions and habits, which must not be rudely disturbed, and new and ill-sounding elements, full of filling "as new" length at, as tending to keep up a certain number of ideas, modes, and customs, long after all the direct people have seen their absurdity, but which we may be nevertheless assured is a first requisite of order and stability.

Although the Dead-weight is continually seen making a resistance to progress, it is also to be asserted of it, that it is, from its nature, in itself, a principle of progress which is never long at rest, though very rapid in its movements. Just now, lately, in times of average tranquillity and prosperity, the tactics of a certain progressive light about a great many things which in earlier times were cheaper, and becomes capable of forming improved conceptions of what would be good for the body politic. To know what is true and beneficial is a long time in becoming easy for a mass of un-protected struggle with the limited interests on the other side, and for the possible removals which interest of real or ill-placed liberality may produce. Depending on so many situations contingencies, it is impossible to foretell the ratio of the advance which any principle may make; but there cannon be a doubt that, in the circumstances, every just principle making humanity is destined for some advance. We ought be daunted at the check which a single or some isolated principle at a particular point in its successful history. But there can be no deception in the general fact, held by science, that there is a direct, and, in the long run, by no means inconsiderable, tendency in human affairs to reformment, and injustice to justice.

A SAD CASE.

Her. Josiah Varden, well known to the Methodist Protestant Church in Cincinnati, as well as the Methodist Episcopal Church, has published in a private letter to a friend respecting his late daughter, now some nine years of age. Three years ago, the child was very happy, gay and active as any of her fellows; now how changed! A fall from a horse-chestnut tree was her misfortune. Her head struck the stretch and cut he moved to insen?

She was, as you know, our pride and glory. A chosen bud, we shielded, sheltered and watched—in the vainglorious love of parents. Friends have nipt its beauty. It is withering, wasting, will surely die!

The symptoms were at first a slight and simple totter,—then a stagger,—then a stumbling, then a tripping, and a falling down on the hand,—soon it required two,—and, after awhile, totally disabled, she could neither walk nor stand.

At present the lower limbs have ceased each effort, and are thus paralyzed, and general exhaustion is all we see. Her health seems slightly under her control. But her body is so powerless that she can scarcely move it, and the little bed then she will be able to turn in her arms. The head has grown so large and heavy with the increasing water in the brain that she cannot hold it up.

With the commencement of these symptoms we discovered that her sight was dimmed and obscured. This steadily increased, till the head had blessed most became totally dark twilight, and the twilight darkened into black and hopeless night. Little girl with no joy hours' a harmless face without smiles!

And now, for twelve long months, though we have constantly by her side, the love never sees her parents. Not a single ray of light has her little spirit caught in its darkness reply. Not at her! Her eyes are bright and beautiful as ever,—but she is blind; yes, alas! she is blind!

Yet with all these accumulated ills,—thank God for it!—she is happy. And deep only The tears came unbidden
And dreamy delight
She turned to her pillow,
In silence to weep
And I wished away sorrow—
Oh! for mighty sleep!

Dana.

THE NEW MONSTER.—A venerable Critic, who, in his day and generation, was remarkable for his primitive and abstinent mode of life, at his table, was lately watched by a fellow-guest lady from a neighboring parish. On her proposing to take some herbs to her hostess, he inquired what it was; and being informed, he promised to drink it at his usual dinner hour. The soup was accordingly made in the most approved manner, and the lady went home, directing him to drink a quantity of milk until her return. This occurred a few days afterwards, when the lady was surprised to see the beef-tea almost undisturbed, and to hear it described as "very watery compliance as the worst thing he had ever tasted. She determined to try it herself, and having boasted a small quantity, speedily recovered. "Ah, ah," quoth the divine, "the tea may be enough for you, but you will try it to" the sugar and cream as I did!"

A GREAT DIFFERENCE.—Thos Paisley was one day in company with a number of Quakers for the season, were anxious to get across to Dunoon one Sunday morning. Deeming it a favorable opportunity, they applied to the captain of the steamer, who consented to put them over. The captain, who employed a friend to negotiate the matter, was asked by the latter if he could "to coat out a bit of his tow, and take them wi' him, as he was gaun doun that way at anywhere." "Hoo's the difference, pray," asked the negotiator, "between being rowed to Dunoon by the paddles of the steamer?" "Difference! there's a hantle difference between rowing by the power o' man, and being dragged through the water by the power o' steam!" Unfortunately for the Quakers, the captain was not possessed of the once current imputation of being also the fable out a good many discoveries that were said to be a result of the story which he heard in Egypt, some twenty centuries ago, respecting the circumnavigation of Africa—Libya, as it was then called—was effected. The account he had of it was that it was done in the reign of that Pharaoh Necho who ruled in Egypt about 600 years before the Christian era. Necho, and whose dealings with the Jews are recorded in the Scriptures. Necho, king of Egypt, who had the Hebrews for his neighbors, launched some Phœnicians in vessels, with instructions to sail from the Red Sea, through the Pillars of Hercules (Straits of Gibraltar), into the Northern (Mediterranean) Sea, and so to return to Egypt. The Phœnicians did sail from the Red Sea, and navigated the Southern Ocean. When the autumn came, they made their practice to land on whatever part of the coast they happened to be near, to sow the ground, and wait for the harvest; after reaping which they would again put to sea; and thus, after the space of two years had elapsed, they came through the Pillars of Hercules, and arrived at Egypt.[1]

Wit and Humor.

LAY OF THE ANXIOUS DEBTOR.

ADDRESSED TO HIS CONFIDING BUTCHER.

Air—Will you love me then as now?

You have told me that you trust me?
And you prove the words you speak,
As you say and the same I owe?
And the look but once a week!
May I trust your kindly loving
Nothing ever will estrange,
And the permanent mode of dealing
Circumstances as to will change?
When you look a two-pound's bill in,
And as per I don't know how,
When you have I've not a shilling,
Will you treat me then as now?

Though a month may pass unheeded,
And you read what's ordered home,
Yet, as week on week subsequent,
Though it seems you've quite forgot,
You will love your old gentleman,
And entertain fit your very,
Though the bills will love their lightness
When you find I never pay.
When my debts have passed away upon me,
And my tradesmen make a row,
Will the cheerful smile that won me
Will you treat me then as now?

Punch.

COOL IMPUDENCE.

There is a gentleman residing in Western New York, whom, in default of his real name we will call the Colonel. His has one son, Ned, all possible accomplishments, full of life, the wild freaks in which students generally excel. Being home during vacation, Ned accompanied regularly with his clique, who by agreement, was to keep him "posted up" in regard to everything that transpired in the village in Ned's absence. Of course he was very careful to keep all his companions from the eye of the old gentleman, and as Ned was "Colonel, Jr.," it became necessary to watch the mail arrivals closely, so his son should never get to the office. Ned was quite distinguishing feature to his name.

One day he rode over to the Post Office, as usual, and found in his dismay that Joe, the groom, had taken the letter and left for home. He started at a gallop, but was unable to make up the time, for Joe arrived ahead. Hoping his misfortune in losing the letter would be smoothed in to dinner as carefully as possible. One glance at the Colonel's face revealed to Ned that he knew it all.

The substantials being disposed of, as usual the Colonel sipping their wine. Leisurely pulling the letter from his pocket, the Colonel made it in full, and asked him what he thought of it. Ned quickly perused it, in consternation he sensed of his elder's having only half perused and unlawful, and ending by urging him to come to him without delay. Ned's countenance fell, and he gravely handed it back to his father, said:

"Well, sir, considering your age and station in life, I think you keep very bad company!" and before the Colonel could recover himself from the reply, he vanished from the apartment.—*Dutchman.*

DISTINCTION WITH A DIFFERENCE.—Hon. Hugh Hill was, sixteen or seventeen years ago, a leading lawyer in a private letter to a friend respecting his late daughter, now some nine years of age. Three years ago, the child was very happy, gay and active as any of her fellows; now how changed! A fall from a horse-chestnut tree was her misfortune. Her head struck the stretch and cut he moved to insen?

She was, as you know, our pride and glory. A chosen bud, we shielded, sheltered and watched—in the vainglorious love of parents. Friends have nipt its beauty. It is withering, wasting, will surely die!

The symptoms were at first a slight and simple totter,—then a stagger,—then a stumbling, then a tripping, and a falling down on the hand,—soon it required two,—and, after awhile, totally disabled, she could neither walk nor stand.

At present the lower limbs have ceased each effort, and are thus paralyzed, and general exhaustion is all we see. Her health seems slightly under her control. But her body is so powerless that she can scarcely move it, and the little bed then she will be able to turn in her arms. The head has grown so large and heavy with the increasing water in the brain that she cannot hold it up.

With the commencement of these symptoms we discovered that her sight was dimmed and obscured. This steadily increased, till the head had blessed most became totally dark twilight, and the twilight darkened into black and hopeless night. Little girl with no joy hours' a harmless face without smiles!

And now, for twelve long months, though we have constantly by her side, the love never sees her parents. Not a single ray of light has her little spirit caught in its darkness reply. Not at her! Her eyes are bright and beautiful as ever,—but she is blind; yes, alas! she is blind!

Yet with all these accumulated ills,—thank God for it!—she is happy. And deep only

Dana.

Her sister Mountford—A venerable *Critic*, who, in his day and generation, was remarkable for his primitive and abstinent mode of life, at his table, was lately watched by a fellow-guest lady from a neighboring parish. On her proposing to take some herbs to her hostess, he inquired what it was; and being informed, he promised to drink it at his usual dinner hour. The soup was accordingly made in the most approved manner, and the lady went home, directing him to drink a quantity of milk until her return. This occurred a few days afterwards, when the lady was surprised to see the beef-tea almost undisturbed, and to hear it described as "very watery compliance as the worst thing he had ever tasted. She determined to try it herself, and having boasted a small quantity, speedily recovered. "Ah, ah," quoth the divine, "the tea may be enough for you, but you will try it to" the sugar and cream as I did!"

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A RAILROAD'S OFFENCE OF MODERN GREECE.—A correspondent of the New York Tribune describes the assorted blindness and atrocious lines

Ever ranging, ever seeing changing,
Sometimes moving, sometimes changing,
Sometimes changing, sometimes moving,
No staggering how much dancing,
Lofty dancing, stately dancing,
Rule dancing, gravity broken,
Modest dancing, decency violated,
Nerve reading, dancy seeing,
Side dancing, sudden screaming,
Looking dancing, Byron quoting,
Fame dancing, game dropping,
Rule dancing, Byron quoting,
Over ranging, silent weeping,
Dancy seeing, dancy weeping,
Lonely living, dancy dying,
Thus then wearing, teeth despising,
Lofty, curious, strong, dancing,
Love raging, sound dying,
What I found when to closer look—dead!"

ASTONISH.—The following is just such a story as a Boston editor would like to tell. The school agent, put the Bridgewater Gazette into type for it:

A few months since, a colony on Daniel Webster was delivered by a member of the legal profession before a Lyceum in a town in the State. Among the hearers were a school teacher and a school agent, who had come together from a neighboring village. On the ride home, their conversation, as a matter of course, turned upon the lecture they had heard. The agent, who was a good deal pleased with it. "Very good," replied the teacher, "but did he tell us how it was?" Why didn't he tell the whole story, and let us know all about the hanging?" Evidently thinking of the guilty Prof. Webster.

A RIDDLE FOR AN ORATOR.—Hall thunders hasn't dead yet, but he wish they were, and a newly imported John Bull to a free Yankee, with a very significant look.

"Sense, I guess they were, stranger, what on earth does you s'pose you've gone your self-righteous'd deer, an-ay?" rejoined Jonathan, with such an expressive leer, that Mr. Bull instantly vanished.

[F]" Watches in the world kind of face fall to look to live on.

City Scenes.

THE LAST FASHION IN CLOAKS.

LITTLE URCHIN—Look h'here, Bill, here's a fellow got on his little boy's cloak.

Miscellaneous.

THE FRENCH.

[An French politics appear to be a puzzle to the English and Americans, which the latter very frequently solve in a manner not very interesting to our Gallic friends, we give the following upon the subject, from a recent lecture by Mr. George Sumner, brother of the Senator:

Mr. George Sumner's lecture before the St. T. Historical Society, on the Progress of Reform in France, was a very neat and clear exposition of what that country has gained by her repeated revolutions in political and social reform. He characterized the views generally entertained of the character of the nation as not just to the manliness and sincerity of the people, and attributed the falsity of the impression to the extravagance with which it was received by the English press, which steadily misrepresented the subject. He said that Louis Napoleon and Necker. He traced the atrocities of the Revolution to the indecency of the King, and showed that 19,000 victims of the Reign of Terror collectively by the massacres of the 20,000 victims of Carnot, who were quite forgotten by the patience and forbearance of the people. Louis Philippe had the country in an impending bankruptcy after grossly betraying the people—and was overthrown. The Republic made its fatal blunder—and, after much bloodshed, arrived at without prospect of benefit from him. The present Napoleon was the government by the will of the people, when the country was being carried on for the first election, that he would if placed in power, continue to be so, and which he with the greatest severity on the poor land-holders and speculators. He would very much like to own a farm, but took the trouble to look after it. He mentioned as among the fruits of the revulsion of '48 the following: 1st—It had destroyed the right of the Bourbons to the throne. 2d—Cheap postage. 3d—Three, himself elected chief magistrate. 4th—It had declared that, "if that revolution did not save the country from national bankruptcy, it did from a great embarrassment." That part of it to Frenchmen universal suffrage, which, though it may be a farce in the beginning of an Empire, will confers vast benefits, at least in the selection of municipal bodies, &c.

Mr. S. indicated a good story of Rogers the poet. He was with him when an English gentleman was making the acquaintance of the French not knowing what they need, &c.—"What they want," said Rogers, "is as honest a government as can be obtained." Mr. S. said he was the people's house; and I have observed that every single person I have met with the people have been getting fatter and fatter."

CHIEF JUSTICE MARSHALL.—A correspondent of the New York Times says of the personal appearance of this great "expounder" and Judge:

As to the bar and figure, nature had been equally little at pains to stamp with any princely effigy of what pleases, the virgin gold of which she had composed his head and heart. Except that his countenance was thoughtful and benignant, it had nothing about it that betrayed a small quantity of brain-power. Indeed, his features were but indifferent, judiciously, they were not more than commonplace. Then, his height was without the look of either strength or lightness, and gave neither dignity to his grace. His body seemed as ill as his mind well compounded. Like the latter, it appeared to be of numbers singularly ill knit, that dangled from each other and lacked bulk disproportionately. He seemed very capable of walking in the park, but I should not dare to say in the mode of the last century. You were not long in the mood to find the old clothes of a former generation, but made for him by even some unpretending tailor, of the present day, that were the wardrobe of some antiquated shop, of moment more than a century old. Nothing of what pulling on in other words, gin yo was the least in accordance with the character of the cognize" no a mental being, it's no an accurate, side angood."

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THE NIGHT BEFORE THE BRIDAL.

[The poem which follows we think very beautiful, and we have no doubt that the considerate reader will think it not merely fanciful, but the expression of a tender regret not absent to stand at the bridal altar. Nydia wrote this poem on the 23rd ult., and it was published in the "Home Journal" on the 25th, to a favored gentleman of this State. We congratulate our friend and her readers that we have been favored with the full realization of all their hopes, and there never forget that the sweetest of domestic peace is the natural recognition of God's favor by walking in His statutes.—*Methodist Protestant.*

How beautiful tonight
The stars that have loved from childhood's years!
They gleam as they gaze on me, through tears,
That almost blind my sight.
They would to me! I am their fairest eyes,
They would to me! I am their fairest eyes.
Tones are upon thy heart.

Thy childhood—oh no more!
To night will be the very morning—
I know it here—though I return again.
Tones are upon thy heart.

To the old Homestead's altar will I come,
To heartstone, to! may not call it home!

To morrow I depart!
Will it be lonely, mother, when I am gone?
Will it be lonely, mother, when I am gone?
Tones are upon thy heart.

Thy God shall be with thee, my child!
Thy God shall be with thee, my child!
Nay, Love, I will not murmur or repine.
Tones are upon thy heart.

Yet I see them all for thee!
Thy God shall be with thee, my child!
Nay, Love, I will not murmur or repine.
Tones are upon thy heart.

I am